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AN

ESSAY

ON THE

SUBLIME.

By the late Dr. *BAILLIE.*

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BRITISH MUSEUM

ON THE SUBLIME.

SECT. I.

WE are now, *Palemon*, to treat of that kind of Writing, which of all others is the truly excellent and great Manner, and which is peculiar to a Genius noble, lofty, comprehenſive. You will eaſily know I mean the *Sublime*, and perhaps may tell me the Taſk is difficult; I acknowledge it, eſpecially when I conſider that we have already a *Great Author* upon the Subject, who has received the Approbation of Ages, and who, in the Opinion of moſt, has exhauſted it.—Yet I have ſomething to plead as my Apology for my Preſumption, for

ſuch I believe it may be reckoned, altho' not by you, yet by One, *qui redit ad Faſtos, et Virtutem æſtimat Annis.*"

Notwithſtanding *Longinus* intitles his Treatiſe, a *Treatiſe* upon the *Sublime*, yet whoever conſiders the full Extent of the Work, will perceive the Author does not confine himſelf to the bare Explanation of any one certain and particular Manner in Writing. Some part of his Treatiſe regards the *figurative Style*, ſome the *pathetic*, and indeed ſome part regards what I think is properly called the *ſublime*.—However, the Bulk of the Performance relates more to the *Perfection* of Writing in *general*, than to any particular *Kind* or *Species*.

As every different Manner of Writing has its peculiar *Character*, it muſt likewiſe have its different *Principles*, and to treat of them ſeparately muſt undoubtedly be the clearer Method. Beſides, *Longinus* has entirely paſſed over the Inquiry of what the *Sublime* is, as a thing perfectly well known, and is principally intent upon giving *Rules* to arrive at the elevated *Turn* and *Manner*. That the *Sublime* no ſooner preſents itſelf than we are affected by it, I readily acknowledge; but that we generally form accurate and diſtinct *Ideas* upon this Subject,

ject, is by no Means true; and altho' in itſelf perfectly diſtinct from either the *Pathetic*, or *Figurative* Manner, yet it is often confounded with Both. The genuine Work therefore of *Criticiſm* is to define the *Limits* of each *Kind* of Writing, and to preſcribe their proper *Diſtinctions*. Without this there can be no legitimate Performance, which is the juſt *Conformity* to the Laws or Rules of that Manner of Writing in which the Piece is deſign'd. But the *Manner* muſt be defined before the Rules can be eſtabliſh'd; and we muſt know, for Example, what *Hiſtory* is before we can know how it differs from *Novel* and *Romance*, and before we can judge how it ought to be conducted.

Hence it ſeems, that *Rules* for the *Sublime* ſhould moſt naturally reſult from an Inquiry what the *Sublime* is; and if this is an Inquiry which *Longinus* has intirely paſſed over, there is ſtill Room for further Speculation. But as the *Sublime* in *Writing* is no more than a Deſcription of the *Sublime* in *Nature*, and as it were painting to the *Imagination* what *Nature* herſelf offers to the *Senſes*, I ſhall begin with an Inquiry into the *Sublime* of *Natural Objects*, which I ſhall afterwards apply to *Writing*.

Few are ſo inſenſible, as not to be ſtruck even at firſt View with what is truly *Sublime*; and every Perſon upon ſeeing a grand Object is affected with ſomething which as it were extends his very Being, and expands it to a kind of *Immenſity*. Thus in viewing the *Heavens*, how is the Soul elevated; and ſtretching itſelf to larger Scenes and more extended Proſpects, in a noble *Enthuſiaſm* of Grandeur quits the narrow Earth, darts from *Planet* to *Planet*, and takes in Worlds at one View! Hence comes the Name of *Sublime* to every thing which thus raiſes the Mind to Fits of *Greatneſs*, and diſpoſes it to ſoar above her *Mother Earth*; Hence ariſes that *Exultation* and *Pride* which the Mind ever feels from the *Conſciouſneſs* of its own *Vaſtneſs*—That *Object* only can be juſtly called *Sublime*, which in ſome degree diſpoſes the Mind to this *Enlargement* of itſelf, and gives her a lofty *Conception* of her own *Powers*.

This exalted *Senſation*, then, will always determine us to a right *Judgment*; for wherever we feel the elevated Diſpoſition, there we are ſure the *Sublime* muſt be. But notwithſtanding we acknowlege its *Preſence*, we are frequently ignorant what it is in Objects which *conſtitutes* the *Grand*,

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and gives them this Power of expanding the Mind. We often confeſs the *Sublime* as we do the *Deity*; It fills and dilates our *Soul* without being able to penetrate into its *Nature*, and define its *Eſſence*. Yet however true this may be in many Inſtances, a diligent Inquiry may overcome the Difficulty; and from an Examination of *Particulars*, we may come at ſuch *general Principles*, as ſhall enable us univerſally to define the *Sublime* of every *natural Object*.

We know by Experience, that nothing produces this *Elevation* equal to large *Proſpects*, vaſt extended Views, *Mountains*, the *Heavens*, and an immenſe *Ocean*—but what in theſe *Objects* affects us? for we can view, without being the leaſt exalted, a little *Brook*, altho' as ſmooth a Surface, nay, clearer Stream than the *Nile* or *Danube*; but can we behold theſe vaſt *Rivers*, or rather, the vaſter *Ocean*, without feeling an elevated *Pleaſure*? A flowery *Vale*, or the Verdure of a *Hill*, may charm; but to fill the Soul, and raiſe it to the *Sublime* Senſations, the Earth muſt riſe into an *Alp*, or *Pyrrhenean*, and *Mountains* piled upon *Mountains*, reach to the very *Heavens*—May not alſo the *Clearneſs* of the *Sky*, and its agreeable *Azure*, be view'd

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through a *Crevice* without the leaſt *Admiration?* But when a *Flood* of Light burſts in, and the vaſt *Heavens* are on every ſide widely *extended* to the Eye, it is then the Soul inlarges, and would ſtretch herſelf out to the *immenſe Expanſe.* Is it not, therefore, the *Vaſtneſs* of theſe Objects which elevates us, and ſhall we not by looking a little narrowly into the *Mind* be convinced that *large Objects* only are fitted to raiſe this *Exaltedneſs?*

The *Soul* naturally ſuppoſes herſelf preſent to all the *Objects* ſhe perceives, and has lower or higher Conceptions of her own *Excellency,* as this Extenſiveneſs of her Being is more or leſs *limited.* An *Univerſal Preſence* is one of the ſublime *Attributes* of the *Deity;* then how much greater an Exiſtence muſt the Soul imagine herſelf, when contemplating the *Heavens* ſhe takes in the mighty *Orbs* of the *Planets,* and is preſent to a *Univerſe,* than when ſhrunk into the narrow Space of a *Room,* and how much nearer advancing to the *Perfections* of the *Univerſal Preſence?*—This extending her Being, raiſes in her a noble Pride, and upon ſuch Occaſions no Wonder ſhe conceives (as *Longinus* obſerves) ſomething greater of herſelf. But as a *Conſciouſneſs* of her own *Vaſtneſs* is what pleaſes, ſo nothing

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can raiſe this Conſciouſneſs but a *Vaſtneſs* in the *Objects* about which ſhe is employed—For whatever the *Eſſence* of the *Soul* may be, it is the *Reflections* ariſing from *Senſations* only which makes her acquainted with Herſelf, and know her *Faculties*. Vaſt Objects occaſion vaſt Senſations, and vaſt Senſations give the Mind a higher Idea of her own Powers—ſmall Scenes (except from *Aſſociation*, which I ſhall hereafter conſider) have never this Effect; the Beauty of them may pleaſe, and the Variety be agreeable, but the *Soul* is never *filled* by them.

SECT.

SECT. II.

THUS far, *Palemon*, we have proceeded in a kind of Inveſtigation; we have firſt inquired what Diſpoſition of Mind was created by grand Objects, the *Sublime* of *Nature*; This we found to be an Effort of the *Soul* to extend its *Being*, and hence an *Exultation*, from a *Conſciouſneſs* of its own *Vaſtneſs*: We then in particular and confeſs'd Inſtances examined what it was in Objects raiſed this Diſpoſition, which we afterwards found to be their *Magnitude*, and this likewiſe in a more univerſal manner from the very Nature of our Minds.

Yet notwithſtanding we have demonſtrated that the *Vaſtneſs* of the *Object* conſtitutes the *Sublime*, to render the Sublime perfect, two Things are requiſite; a certain degree of *Uniformity*, and that by long Cuſtom the *Objects* do not become familiar to the Imagination.

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From *Reaſon*, as well as from *Experience*, we may be convinced how requiſite *Uniformity* is; for when the Object is uniform, by ſeeing *Part*, the leaſt Glimpſe gives a full and compleat Idea of the *Whole*, and thus at once may be diſtinctly conveyed the vaſteſt *Senſation*. On the contrary, where this *Uniformity* is wanting, the Mind muſt run from Object to Object, and never get a full and compleat Proſpect. Thus inſtead of having one large and *grand Idea*, a thouſand *little ones* are ſhuffled in. Here the *Magnitude* of the *Scene* is entirely broke, and conſequently the noble *Pride* and ſublime Senſation deſtroy'd — For what a different Conception muſt the Soul have of herſelf, when with the greateſt *Facility* ſhe can view the greateſt Objects, and when with *Pain* ſhe muſt hurry from part to part, and with *Difficulty* acquire even an incompleat View? But as *Uniformity* contributes much to the Mind's receiving a grand Idea of the Object itſelf, ſo likewiſe does it greatly flatter that conſcious Pride I have already mention'd. Where an Object is *vaſt*, and at the ſame Time *uniform*, there is to the Imagination no Limits of its Vaſtneſs, and the Mind runs out into *Infinity*, continually *creating* as it were from the *Pattern*. Thus when

the Eye loſes the vaſt Ocean, the Imagination having nothing to arreſt it, catches up the Scene and extends the Proſpect to *Immenſity*, which it could by no means do, were the uniform *Surface* broke by innumerable little *Iſlands* ſcattered up and down, and the Mind thus led into the Conſideration of the various Parts; for this adverting to diſſimilar Parts ever deſtroys the creative Power of the Imagination. However beautiful the Hemiſphere may be when curled over with little Silver-tinged Clouds, and the blue Sky every where breaking thro', yet the Proſpect is not near ſo grand as when in a vaſt and uniform Heaven there is nothing to ſtop the *Eye*, or limit the *Imagination*. You will here, *Palemon*, object the *Evening* Heavens diverſified by numberleſs *Stars*, than which I grant nothing can be more *Sublime*; but I believe your Acuteneſs will no ſooner ſtart than reſolve the Difficulty. We who have conſider'd the fixed *Stars* as ſo many *Suns*, the *Centers* of *Syſtems*, and know the *Planets*, like our *Earth*, move in vaſt *Orbits*, how muſt our Imagination, ſtretching to *Myriads* of *Worlds*, meaſure an immenſe *Space* between each revolving *Planet*? It will not be here improper to obſerve, that a ſolemn *Sedateneſs* generally attends a *ſub-*

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lime Turn; for altho' the *Pathetic* may be often join'd with it, yet of itſelf the *Sublime* rather *compoſes*, than *agitates* the Mind; which being filled with one large, ſimple, and uniform *Idea*, becomes (if I may uſe the *Expreſſion)* one ſimple, grand *Senſation.*

Uncommoneſs, though it does not conſtitute the *Sublime* of natural Objects, very much *heightens* its Effect upon the Mind: For as great part of the *Elevation* raiſed by vaſt and grand *Proſpects*, is owing to the Mind's finding herſelf in the *Exerciſe* of more enlarged *Powers*, and hence judging higher of herſelf, *Cuſtom* makes this *familiar*, and ſhe no longer admires her own *Perfection.* It is here, as in all other things, *Variety* is wanting; and indeed could there be a continual ſhifting of *Scenes*, ſomething of the *Admiration* might be kept up, and even of that *Opinion* the Soul conceives of herſelf. But we are in a World too limited for ſuch a Change of Proſpects; a large *Mountain*, the *Ocean*, a *Rainbow*, the *Heavens*, and ſome few more of the like kind, yield all the *Variety* we can here enjoy. The *Grandeur* of the *Heavens* ſeldom affects us, it is our daily *Object*, and two or three Days at *Sea*

would ſink all that elevated *Pleaſure* we feel upon viewing a vaſt *Ocean*; yet, upon particular Occaſions, both the one and the other of theſe Objects will raiſe the Mind, how much ſoever accuſtomed to them—— and this is when by any Circumſtance the *Imagination* is ſet to work, and by its *creative Power* the Object is render'd *new*.— Thus in a clear Evening Heaven, each *Star* awakens the *Imagination* to new *Creation*, and the whole *Firmament* is extended out into *Syſtems* of *Worlds*; nay, perhaps, it is even true, that wherever the Mind adverts to the *Vaſtneſs* of the *Object*, there ſhe always feels the *ſublime* Senſation; but from long *Cuſtom* the Object being made familiar, although before her, ſhe does not advert to it—as *Kings* themſelves forget their *Dignity*, till rouzed by the *Enſigns* of Power, they re-aſſume their *Grandeur*. *Admiration*, a Paſſion always attending the *Sublime*, ariſes from *Uncommonneſs*, and conſtantly decays as the Object becomes more and more *familiar*.

An Attempt to determine the *Greatneſs* requiſite to conſtitute the *Sublime* of Objects, would be vain and fruitleſs; upon the other Hand, there is no affirming, that an Object, although truly grand, will equally

qually affect all Minds; ſome are naturally fitted to conſider Things in the moſt enlarged Views; others as naturally diſſect great Objects themſelves, and by a diminutive Genius render what is truly magnificent, little, and mean; for no Object is ſo *grand*, but is attended with ſome *trifling* Circumſtance, upon which a little Mind will ſurely fix; the *Univerſe* has its *Cockle-ſhells*, and its *Butterflies*, the ardent Purſuits of childiſh Geniuſes. Not that even *great Minds* do not ſometimes unbend, and amuſe themſelves with *Baubles*; nay, they are not at all Times equally fitted to receive ſublime *Impreſſions*; for when the Soul *flags* and is *depreſs'd*, the vaſteſt Object is uncapable of *raiſing her*. But at other Times, when the *Blood* moves briſk, the *Pulſe* beats high, and the *Soul* has lofty Conceptions of herſelf, ſhe *ſublimes* every thing about her, or to ſpeak more truly, ſnatches herſelf away from the *Minute* of Things, and throws herſelf into grand Proſpects, and the *Magnificence* of *Nature*.

From all this it is evident how different are the Degrees of *Greatneſs*, fitted to raiſe this *Paſſion*: Firſt, the *Nile* within his

his Banks; then when he ſwelling *over-flows* them, and widely extends himſelf over the whole Country; but above all, when the Eye loſes itſelf in the immenſe *Ocean*, or the *Imagination* in infinite *Space* and the unbounded Syſtem of Things.

SECT.

SECT. III.

THESE, then, are the general *Principles*, nor am I aware how many *Objections* will be made againſt them. Is there not a *Sublime* in *Painting*, in *Muſic*, in *Architecture*, but above all, in *Virtue*? —Yet are there large Objects, or is there any thing immenſe in *Prodicus*'s *Hercules*, whoſe *Judgment* or *Reſolution* is univerſally allow'd *noble* and *ſublime*?—Here we muſt own the difficult Part of our Taſk begins; yet if the *Principles* we have laid down be apply'd even to ſuch Things as ſeemingly *contradict* them, it will be no ſmall Confirmation of their *Soundneſs* and *Truth*. We ſhall therefore conſider the *Sublime* of the *Paſſions*, the *Sublime* of *Science*, and of the *Arts*, ſuch as *Architecture*, *Muſic*, and *Painting*, and the *Sublime* of ſuch *Objects* as ariſe meerly from *Aſſociation*.

In ſearching into the *Sublime* of the *Paſſions*, it is not my Intent to re-examine the Diſpoſition we feel upon viewing the Grand and Magnificent; but to inquire

quire into thoſe *Affections*, which when they appear in *another*, are ever deemed *great*, and affect the *Perſon* who contemplates them with an *elevated* Turn of *Mind*. For the *Sublime* of the *Paſſions* muſt influence the *Mind* in the ſame manner as the *Sublime* of *natural Objects*, and muſt produce the ſame *Exaltedneſs* of *Diſpoſition*.—Were not their *Effect* upon the Mind, the ſame Exaltedneſs of *Diſpoſition*;—they wou'd with Impropriey, bear the ſame *Name*, and could by no Means be the *Subject* of this *Inquiry*.

Although *Names* are at firſt *arbitrarily* impoſed, yet Things of like *Nature* ought ever to be *claſſed* under like *Appellations*; and nothing brings greater *Confuſion* into Knowledge than giving like *Names* to Things of unlike Nature. *Language* abounds with too many *Inaccuracies* of this kind, and hence ariſes the vaſt Difficulty in adjuſting and defining the proper Limits to many Things. *Beauty* attributed to ten thouſand *diſſimilar* Objects has never yet, nor ever can be univerſally *defined*; for *Definition* is the ſelecting of ſuch common *Properties* in Objects as ever *exiſt* with the Objects, and conſtitute their

their very *Nature*, and thus regards a *Claſs*, or Arrangement of Things *ſimilar*, under the ſame *Head* or *Appellation*. *Mathematicians*, when they define a *Circle*, diſregarding the *Greatneſs* or *Smallneſs*, pitch upon a common *Property* peculiar to the *Figure*, by which they define and reduce all *Figures* with this *Property* under the ſame *Head*. But if many Things of different Nature go by the ſame Name, no one Definition can be applicable to them. *Beauty*, indeed, when apply'd to *Figure* and *Proportion*, may be and has been defined, becauſe here it regards a *Claſs*. Thus when we call regular Figures beautiful, and irregular Ones deform'd, we find the common Property of *Uniformity* amidſt *Variety* conſtitutes the Beauty of the *Firſt*, and the Want of this *Uniformneſs*, the Uglineſs or Deformity of the *Latter*.

But not to digreſs too far. It is equally incumbent upon the *Philoſopher* and *Critic* to prevent Names from being confounded, and to refer each Thing to its proper Claſs, if ſuch there be; therefore when I treat of the *Sublime*, I treat of a certain Order of Things, which from a *Similitude* either in *Themſelves*, or their *Effects*, are arranged under one Head, and conſtitute a *Claſs*,

or *Species*. And let the Name of *Sublime* be ever ſo frequently applied to a Thing, yet if it bears no Relation to this *Claſs*, either in *itſelf*, or its *Effect*, it is falſely ſo called, and is not the Buſineſs of this preſent *Inquiry*. I have been the more particular, *Palæmon*, upon this Point, becauſe I know how often the Word *Sublime* is improperly uſed.

Such *Affections*, then, or *Paſſions*, as produce in the Perſon who contemplates them an exalted and *ſublime Diſpoſition*, can alone with Propriety be called *Sublime*: But Affections which are only felt by him in whoſe Breaſt they are, can never be the immediate Object of another's Knowledge; and when we contemplate *Paſſions* out of Ourſelves, we know them only at a kind of *ſecond Hand*. But as no *Affection* can ſubſiſt without its proper *Object*, the *Cauſe* or *Motive* of the *Affection*; we muſt argue from the *Cauſe* to the *Effect*, and judge and determine of the *Paſſion* merely from a Conſideration of its Object —— What one Perſon, in whoſe Breaſt they are, knows *immediately* and by *Senſation*, another can only know *mediately* and by *Induction*; and therefore in conſidering the *Sublime* of the

Paſſions, their Objects only can be the proper Subject for Examination, the Objects alone being really what affects the Perſon who wou'd contemplate the *Paſſions* —— And thus we judge of the *Courage* of a Perſon, by his Seedineſs in braving *Dangers*; of his *Piety*, by the juſt Adoration he pays to the *ſupreme Being*; and of his *Humanity*, by his Deportment to his *Fellow-Creatures*. He himſelf can only know the *Affection* as it exiſts in his own Breaſt.

Now, if the *Objects* of ſuch *Paſſions* as are univerſally allowed *Sublime*, be themſelves vaſt and extended, the *Principles* I have already laid down will be as equally applicable to the *Sublime* of the *Paſſions*, as to the *Sublime* of *inanimate Objects*; and we ſhall find that Loftineſs of Mind, and elevated Turn, which we feel upon contemplating any of theſe *Affections*, to ariſe from the *Imagination* being immediately thrown into large *Proſpects*, and extended *Scenes of Action*.

The *Affections* unexceptionably Sublime, are *Heroiſm*, or Deſire of *Conqueſt*, ſuch as in an *Alexander* or a *Cæſar*; Love of one's *Country*; of Mankind in general, or univer-

ſal *Benevolence*; a Deſire of *Fame* and *Immortality*: nor has the Contempt of *Death*, *Power*, or of *Honour*, a leſs Title to be number'd amongſt the *ſublime Affections*.

Heroiſm, or Purſuit of Conqueſt, generally ariſes either from a Deſire of *Power*, or Paſſion for *Fame*; or from both. *Power* and *Fame*, therefore, are the Objects of this Affection, which let us ſeparately conſider.

It is not every *Power* which is the Ambition of a *Hero*, nor every *Power* which carries the Idea of *Sublime*. A *Caligula* commanding Armies to fill their *Helmets* with *Cockle-ſhells*, is a Power mean and contemptible, altho' ever ſo abſolute; but ſuppoſe an *Alexander* laying level Towns, depopulating Countries, and ravaging the whole World, how does the *Sublime* riſe, nay tho' *Mankind* be the *Sacrifice* to his *Ambition!* The ſame may be ſaid of *Power* when it regards *Strength*; for the greateſt *Strength*, even that of the Giants or *Terræ Filii*, if only employed in grinding the hardeſt *Adamant* to *Powder*, or in reducing the ſolideſt *Gold* to *Duſt*, has nothing *ſublime* or grand——but conſider them in their fabulous Hiſtory rooting up *Mountains* and piling

piling *Oſſa* upon *Olympus*, then is their *Strength* attended with the *Sublime*. Thus our Idea of *Power* is more or leſs ſublime, as the Power itſelf is more or leſs extended. The abſolute Authority of a *Maſter* over his *Slaves*, is a Power nothing grand; yet the ſame Authority in a *Prince* is *ſublime*.—But why? from his *Sway* extending to *Multitudes*, and from *Nations* bowing to his *Commands*. But it is in the *Almighty* that this Sublime is compleated, who with a *Nod* can ſhatter to Pieces the *Foundations* of a *Univerſe*, as with a *Word* he called it into *Being*.

I cannot here paſs over (although more properly belonging to the *Sublime* of *Writing*) the Paſſage in *Moſes*.——" *God ſaid*, " *let there be Light, and there was Light.*" The Sublime of this Paſſage conſiſts in the Idea it gives us of the *Power* of the Almighty; but his Power with regard to what? a vaſtly diffuſed Being, *unlimited* as his own *Eſſence*—and hence the Idea becomes ſo exalted. *Let there be Earth, and there was Earth*, ſurely would come infinitely ſhort of the other, as the Object or *Power* preſents itſelf to us infinitely more *limited*. From all this, I think I may fairly conclude, that the *Sublime* of

Power

Power is from its *Object* being *vaſt* and *immenſe*.

I need ſay little upon the Head of *Fame*. To be praiſed not only by the preſent Generation, but through the revolving Circle of Ages down to lateſt Poſterity, is ſtretching our Expectations and our Ideas to an *Immenſity*; and from this the *Sublime* of the *Paſſion* itſelf ariſes; for although the Approbation of a worthy Man ought to bear more Weight than the undiſtinguiſhing Applauſe of Thouſands, yet the Deſire of ſuch a ſingle Approbation, however virtuous, has nothing great or ſublime in it. Thus, if it be true of any one *Paſſion*, that the *Vaſtneſs* of its Object conſtitutes the *Sublime*, it is moſt ſtrictly ſo of this; and whatever is the Motive of *Heroiſm*, whether Deſire of *Power*, or of *Fame*, or of *Both*, the *Sublime* of the *Affection* is the *Greatneſs* of its *Object*.

As to the *Love* of our *Country*, or rather *Univerſal Benevolence*, which like the *Sun* every where diffuſes itſelf, who can have any *Idea* of it, without taking into his View large Societies, numberleſs *Nations*, all *Mankind* reaching from *Pole* to *Pole*, from the Riſing to the Setting-Sun? and

and this is the *Sublime* of *Benevolence*, extending itſelf to the Remoteſt of *Humankind*. But how would the *Sublime* ſink, if in this large Scene the *Imagination* ſhould fix upon a narrow Object, a *Child*, a *Parent*, or a *Miſtreſs!* Indeed, *Love* to any of the *Individuals*, nay, to *all* of them, when conſidered as *Individuals*, and one by one, has nothing of Exalted; it is when we love them *collectively*, when we love them in vaſt Bodies ſtretching over large Countries, that we feel the *Sublime* riſe.

The Affection of a *Parent* to a *Child*, although more *intenſe*, perhaps, than any other, yet has nothing *great* in it; nay, I will venture to affirm, not even *Friendſhip* itſelf, without it be accidental; as all the Paſſions, by apt *Connection* may exiſt with the *Sublime*.

Thus when *Friendſhip* prompts a Man to ſacrifice *Honours*, *Wealth*, and *Power*, to deſpiſe the Greatneſs of the World and brave *Death*, it then becomes truly *Great*; nor need I, *Palemon*, cloy you with the repeated Reaſons.

Hence the *Object* of the Paſſion only, not the *Intenſeneſs* of it, renders it *great* and

and *noble*; and hence a *Contempt* of *Riches*, of *Honours*, *Power*, and *Empire*, may be juſtly reckoned amongſt the *grand Affections*. But perhaps it may be aſked, how the *Contempt* of that can be *Great*, the *Deſire* of which I have already allow'd ſo; or if it be true, that the *Contempt* is *great*, how can I reconcile my former Aſſertion to what *Longinus* affirms; to wit,—Nothing is *Great*, the *Contempt* of which is *Great*—as *Riches*, *Dignities*, *Honours*, and *Empire*.

SECT.

SECT. IV.

HERE, *Palemon*, I muſt obſerve that the *Sublime*, and *Virtue*, are quite different Things; the *Decorum* of Actions, diſtinct from the *Exalted*. *Honours*, *Dignities*, and *Empire*, in their own Nature partake nothing of *Virtue*; but that they do of the *Grand*, I think I have plainly ſhewn. Now in a *Moral Senſe* it is certainly true, if in any Circumſtance the *Contempt* of theſe Things is *Great* (by which *Longinus* can ſurely mean no more than *becoming* or *virtuous*,) in the ſame Circumſtance the Deſire of them can never be *Great*; but if he underſtands the Word *Great* in its true and *genuine Senſe*, I cannot ſee why the *Deſire*, as well as the *Contempt* of them may not be truly *Grand*: For as the *Object* is the *ſame* in both Caſes, and as it is the *Object* which renders the Affection *ſublime*, in both Caſes there muſt be a *Sublime*. And the Paſſion of *Cæſar* to *Conqueſt* and *Empire*, is no leſs ſublime, than the *Stoic Apathy* of the *Philoſopher* (if ſuch there ever was,

or ever ſhall be,) who ſhould reject them; tho' we might allow in the latter a more virtuous and laudable Affection.

When *Virtue* is at any time *ſublime*, it is not that ſhe is the *ſame* as the *Sublime*, but that ſhe *aſſociates* with it, and from this *Aſſociation* each acquires new Charms: *Virtue* becomes more commanding, the *Sublime* more engaging. When *Hercules* rejecting the proffer'd *Luxury* of Palaces, and Pomp of Courts, prefers *Virtue*, traverſes the Earth in the Purſuit of *Honour*, and thinks the whole *World* Scene little enough of Action, how does the virtuous *Greatneſs* of his Soul charm and ſtrike us with a ſublime *Admiration!* Had he only preferred an honeſt *Retirement* to roſy *Garlands*, *Banquet*, *Song*, and *Dance*, the Inticements of the alluring *Goddeſs*, where wou'd have been the *Sublime?* Indeed his Reſolution wou'd have been even then ſtill virtuous.

A juſt *Order* of *Affections*, where no one Deſire, by a Diſſonance and Jarring with the reſt, breaks the *Harmony* of the *Paſſions*, is what conſtitutes the *Beauty* and *Becomingneſs* of Character; and if *Virtue* be the Purſuit of our greateſt *Happineſs* in

in the Good of Society, this *Becomingneſs* is *Virtue Herſelf:* For proportion'd Affections render us moſt happy in *Ourſelves*, and moſt beneficial to *Mankind*; and a virtuous Paſſion or Appetite is ſuch as the ſatisfying of it neither *neceſſarily* produces *Diſturbance* in the *Affections*, nor *Diſorder* in *Society*. —— I ſay, *neceſſarily*; — for often by *Accident* the moſt virtuous Affection is attended with bad Conſequences; but this is not equally true of the *ſublime Paſſions* ——— Deſire of *Fame*, *Honours*, or *Empire*, often creates the greateſt *Tumult* in the *Affections*, and the greateſt *Miſchief* to *Mankind*.

Thus moſt of the Sublime Paſſions, when virtuous, are ſo by *Aſſociation* and *Accident*; and altho' the Indications of *elevated* Souls, yet are not always of *virtuous* The *Hero* who inſults Mankind, and ravages the Earth merely for *Power* and *Fame*, is but an *immenſe Monſter*; and as ſuch only ought to be gazed at; he may indeed, by a mild uſe of Conqueſt, gild over the Cruelty of his Actions, but can never render them ſolidly good —— Yet ſuch is the Force of the *Sublime*, that even theſe Men, who in one light can be eſteemed no other than the *Butchers* of Human Race, yet when conſider'd as braving Dangers, conquer-

g

ing Kingdoms, and ſpreading the Terror of their Name to the moſt diſtant Nations, tower over the reſt of Mankind, and become almoſt the *Objects* of *Worſhip*. But there is a Sublime which is always virtuous, and where the *Virtue* as well as *Sublime* increaſes with the *Object*; I mean that of Love; firſt to the particular Community whereof we are Members; then to our native Country; to Mankind in general; and laſt to the *Univerſal Genius*. When once the Soul can be raiſed to this noble *Enthuſiaſm*, and can make an infinitely great *Being* the Object of her *Love*, and as it were take him into her *Affections*, it is then ſhe feels the greateſt *Sublime* poſſible, and conceives ſomething infinitely *grand* of Herſelf; *Honours*, *Dignity*, and *Empire* are *Objects* truly *little* and *mean* to a *Mind* thus united with *Divinity*.

Contempt of Death is neither always *virtuous*, nor always *ſublime*; the *Wretch* who, intoxicated with *Liquor*, braves Death at a *Gallows*, ſhews neither a virtuous nor a great Soul; but a *Cato*, who will not barter the real *Dignity* of Character for all the Falſe *Honours* a cajolling *Cæſar* can heap upon him, and who in cool *Deliberation*, rather than drag a *Life* in the Slavery of vile *Submiſſion*, and mean *Adulations*,

tion, chuſes to die with *Liberty* and his *Country*, evinces, in the Action, the *Grandeur* and *Virtue* of a *Roman Soul*. In theſe Circumſtances, the *Contempt* of Death is both *Laudable* and *Sublime*; the *Fear* of it, *Mean* and *Deſpicable*. *Cato*, in giving up *Life*, had in view *Immortality* and everlaſting *Liberty*, the ſublime Enjoyment of the *Almighty*; whilſt the *Orator*, who baſely courted *Life* in mean *Flatteries* to a *Tyrant*, had in Proſpect nothing but the contracted Space of a few Years ſpent in abject *Slavery*: And yet this, perhaps, was more pardonable in the *Orator* than it wou'd have been in the *Patriot*. For beſides the *Beauty* of *Virtue* in general, there is likewiſe a *Decorum* or Becomingneſs belonging to *Character*.—— The eaſy Manners of an *Atticus* can allow many Things which wou'd be deformed in the inflexible Virtue of a *Cato*. The Good-natur'd *Atticus* had the *Humaneneſs*, not the *Dignity* of Character to ſupport; *Roughneſs* and *Cruelty* wou'd have defac'd and deform'd his Character, not *Compliance* and *Submiſſion*. But for the *rigid Roman* to have lived quietly under *Tyranny*, wou'd have been ſuch a *Breach* of *Character*, ſuch a *Depravity* in his *Manners*, that he muſt have prefer'd a Thouſand *Deaths* before it,

it. —— For to ſee the ſtubborn *Oak* bow to every *Blaſt*, is unnatural, however agreeable it may be to ſee the yielding *Corn* wave to the *Breeze*.

I think now, *Palemon*, I have conſider'd moſt, if not all the *ſublime* Paſſions, and have ſhewn that the *Greatneſs* of the *Object* makes the *Sublime* of the *Affections*. This we ſhall find true, ſhou'd we yet in another manner render the *Paſſions* the Objects of our *Senſes*. *Allegory* has already cloathed moſt of them in human Form, and ſhou'd we attempt in the ancient Way of *Fable* to draw the ſublime Affections or their Objects in Emblematical Portraitures, what a *Giant* wou'd *Heroiſm* appear! *Liberty*, perhaps, like the *Deity*, is too vaſt a Being to be circumſcrib'd by *Form*; but *Fame* has been already pictured to us, and pictured as a Being of immenſe Greatneſs:—— *Ingreditur q; ſolo, et caput inter nubila condit.* —— Nor does *Power* deſerve a leſs Size: but how wou'd *Benevolence*, ſpreading out her downy *Wings* wide as the archd *Heavens*, kindly brood over the World! In ſhort, if we do theſe *Paſſions* Juſtice, we ought to paint them in all the *Grandeur* and *Majeſty* HOMER does his *Neptune*, under

der whoſe vaſt *Strides*, *Foreſts* and *Mountains* trembled.

Before I conclude this Subject, I muſt obſerve, that all the *Paſſions* of the Human Mind may exiſt each with the other, and hence it frequently happens that the Sublime Affections are blended with thoſe of a quite contrary Nature. There ever enters in the Deſcription of *Storms* (as I have already obſerved) ſome ſmall Degree of *Dread*, and this *Dread* may be ſo heighten'd (when a Perſon is actually in one) as intirely to deſtroy the *Sublime*. By this means an Object in itſelf grand may by *Aſſociation* loſe moſt if not all it's *Effect*. Yet, *Palemon*, it ſeems ſtrange that a Being ſo ſimple, ſo much one as the *Mind*, ſhou'd at the ſame Time feel *Joy* and *Grief*, *Pleaſure* and *Pain*, in ſhort, be the Subject of *Contradictions*; or can it be true that the Mind can feel Pleaſure and Pain at the ſame *Inſtant*? or rather, do not they *ſucceed* each other by ſuch infinitely quick *Viciſſitudes*, as to appear inſtantaneous; as a lighted *Globe*, moving in quick *Revolutions*, ſeems one continued *Circle of Fire*? —But which ever way the Mind perceives, it is certain to common *Obſervation*, the moſt different *Paſſions* and *Senſations*

ſations poſſeſs the Mind at the ſame Time. The Prick of a *Pin* will give Pain, while the moſt delicious *Food* is flattering the *Palate*, or the higheſt Perfumes the Smell. The *Sublime* dilates and elevates the Soul, *Fear* ſinks and contracts it; yet *both* are felt upon viewing what is great and awful. And we cannot conceive a *Deity* armed with *Thunder* without being ſtruck with a ſublime *Terror*; but if we regard him as the infinite *Source* of *Happineſs*, the benign *Diſpenſer* of *Benefits*, it is not then the *dreadful*, but the *joyous Sublime* we feel. From theſe *Aſſociations* there ariſes different *kinds* of *Sublime*, where yet the Sublime is the Predominant; and from theſe Aſſociations, likewiſe, reſults a greater Beauty to it.——The fine *Blue* of the *Heavens* yields a more delightfully ſublime Proſpect, than had they been of a duſky obſcure Colour. Theſe *Connections*, however, often occaſion not only a Confuſion of *Terms*, but even of *Ideas*; nor indeed is it always ſo eaſy to ſeparate our *Senſations*. The *Grand* may be ſo blended with the *Pathetic* and *Warm*, in the Deſcription of *Battles*, as difficultly to be *divided*, and conſequently the *complex Senſation* ariſing from thence as difficultly reſolved. By this means the *Pathetic* is often

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often miſtaken for the *Sublime*; but whoever conſiders the different Nature of the *Two*, will upon all Occaſions eaſily *diſtinguiſh* them.

The *Sublime*, when it exiſts *ſimple* and unmixed, by filling the *Mind* with one *vaſt and uniform Idea*, affects it with a ſolemn *Sedateneſs*; by this means the Soul itſelf becomes, as it were, one *ſimple grand Senſation*. Thus the Sublime not hurrying us from *Object* to *Object*, rather *compoſes* than *agitates*, whilſt the very *Eſſence* of the *Pathetick* conſiſts in an *Agitation* of the *Paſſions*, which is ever effected by crouding into the Thoughts a thouſand different Objects, and hurrying the Mind into various Scenes.

SECT. V.

BEFORE I proceed to examine the *Sublime* in *Arts* and *Sciences*, it will not perhaps be entirely uſeleſs to obſerve, that *Objects* in general *delight* from *two Sources*; either becauſe naturally fitted to *pleaſe*, from a certain *Harmony* and *Diſpoſition* of their *Parts*, or becauſe long *aſſociated* with Objects really *agreeable*; and thus, tho' in *themſelves* there be nothing at firſt *delightful*, they at laſt become ſo. Perhaps of this kind of *Aſſociation* the Fondneſs which a *Lover* conceives even to the Imperfections of his *Miſtreſs*, may not be the worſt Inſtance; a *Caſt* of the Eye, a *Liſp*, or any other little *Blemiſh*, ſhall by a fond *Lover* quickly be deified into a *Beauty*, and receive more *Adoration* than the real *beautiful* and *charming*.

Hence we ſee the powerful Force of *Connection*. Nor does This only happen in the whimſical Imagination of a fond *Lover*; the graveſt *Philoſophers* alſo owe great Part of their *Pleaſure* to this Steal-

ing of *Beauty* from one Object to deck and adorn another: For by daily Experience we know, when certain *Pleaſures* have been raiſed in the *Mind* by certain *Objects*, from an *Aſſociation* of this kind, the very ſame Pleaſure ſhall be raiſed, tho' the Objects themſelves which firſt occaſion'd them are not ſo much as painted in the *Imagination*; and it is from this Source that the Beauty and Delight of *Metaphor* flows. Who ever thought of the roſy *Bluſh* of his *Miſtreſs*, without feeling ſomething like that agreeable *Senſation* which the *Roſe* itſelf excites, not only by its *Colour*, but even by its *Fragrance*?

But to return to our preſent Purpoſe; we may hence perceive, that Objects which in Themſelves are not great and immenſe, if long connected with ſuch, will often produce an Exaltedneſs of Mind; and this ſeems partly to be the Caſe in *Architecture*. The Face of a fine *Building* ſhall give a greater *Loftineſs* to the Soul, than an Object vaſtly more *extended*; neither indeed does the *Size* of any Building ſeem to riſe to that *Largeneſs* as conſtitutes the *Sublime*: Whence, therefore, is it, that it raiſes this *Paſſion*? —One of the Reaſons certainly is, we

have always found ſuch *Buildings* connected with great *Riches*, *Power*, and *Grandeur*; and tho' the Mind may not reflect on theſe *Connections*, yet from what I before mention'd, the *Paſſion* occaſion'd by theſe Things may exiſt in the Mind without the *Idea* of the Things themſelves. Should the Buildings be perfectly *plain*, without any manner of *Ornaments*, tho' vaſtly *large*, as thoſe in *Edinburgh*, they would not at all *elevate* the Soul; for in theſe Buildings we have found no neceſſary *Connection* with *Power* and *Grandeur*. But beſides this, with *Columns* there is always connected the Imagination of *Strength* and *Durableneſs*; and theſe working together, may very well give a *Sublimity* to the *Mind*. However, I am apt to think, we ſometimes imagine a greater Sublime in Objects than what there really is. Thus in a fine *Building*, the *Proportion* of the Parts, their *Aptitude*, and a thouſand other Circumſtances, which form the Beauty of the *Structure*, afford a refined Delight, much different from the exalted Diſpoſition already mention'd; and may not two or three different Pleaſures exiſting in the Mind at the ſame time, by a kind of *reverberating* on each other, increaſe the *Intenſeneſs* of each, as a Parcel

a Parcel of *Diamonds*, when artfully ſet, by a reciprocal *Reflection* of their *Rays*, ſtrike the Eye with redoubled *Luſtre*? What, indeed, is *Poetry*, but the Art of throwing a Number of agreeable *Images* together, whence each of them yields a greater *Delight* than they poſſibly could *ſeparately*.——There might be ſomething likewiſe ſaid from the *Variety* of the Parts, and yet ſo *uniform* as not to diſtract the Imagination.———If a great Croud of *Ideas* can be diſtinctly conveyed into a ſmall *Portion* of the Mind, ſomething of the *Pride* of the *Sublime* will be raiſed in her; for if ſhe can take in ſo great a *Variety*, and yet have Room for ſo much more, ſhe certainly muſt feel ſomething exalted. That the *Uniformity* does contribute to give this Turn of Mind, is plain by obſerving thoſe *Buildings* which abound in little and trifling Ornaments, where every thing is broke into *Miniature* —— Here, though the *Bulk* of the Building be vaſtly *large*, no very *great Ideas* are conveyed.

The *Sublime* of *Painting* conſiſts moſtly in finely repreſenting the *Sublime* of the *Paſſions*, ſuch as the *Tablature* of *Hercules*; and what a Greatneſs of Mind he

he ſhews in *Hercules!*—Behold what large Scenes of Action *Virtue* points out to him in chuſing them! The *Indolence* of *Pleaſure* affords no ſuch vaſt *Proſpects*——the whole *World* was a Scene little enough for his enlarged *Soul*. *Landſcape* Painting may likewiſe partake of the *Sublime*; ſuch as repreſenting *Mountains*, &c. which ſhews how *little Objects* by an apt *Connection* may affect us with this *Paſſion:* For the Space of a Yard of *Canvaſs*, by only repreſenting the *Figure* and *Colour* of a Mountain, ſhall fill the Mind with nearly as great an *Idea* as the *Mountain itſelf*.

I know ſo little of *Muſick*, that I will not pretend to determine the *Sublime* of it. This I know;——all *grave* Sounds, where the Notes are *long*, exalt my Mind much more than any other Kind; and that *Wind-Inſtruments* are the moſt fitted to *elevate*; ſuch as the *Hautboy*, the *Trumpet*, and *Organ:*——For, as *Pope* has it,

" In more lengthen'd Notes and ſlow,
" Deep, majeſtic, ſolemn Organs blow."

In all *acute* Sounds, the *Vibrations* are *ſhort* and *quick*; on the contrary, in the *grave*.

And

And may not long Sounds be to the *Ear* what extended Proſpects are to the *Eye?* Here alſo *Connection* takes great Place; the moſt fantaſtic *Jigg* of a *Bagpipe* ſhall elevate a *Highlander* more than the moſt *ſolemn* Muſick; for to ſuch they have been ever accuſtomed even in their Martial Engagements.

Whatever outward *Appearance* the *Sublime* of the Mind aſſumes, that *Appearance* likewiſe acquires a Name ſimilar to that Turn of Soul, as lofty, majeſtic, *&c.* and indeed whatever conveys to us the Imagination of ſuch a Diſpoſition in another, affects us alſo with the like Paſſion. For Example; a grave and ſedate Geſture, eſpecially in *Princes*, we call Majeſtic and Noble; and it even gives a ſmall degree of *Loftineſs* to the *Spectator* himſelf: For, as I before hinted, the *true Sublime* of the Mind is *grave* and *compoſed*, which in *Geſture* can only be expreſſed by a grave and compoſed *Gate*. Should a *Prince* friſk about in ſhort and quick Motions, it would take away very much from the Imagination of his poſſeſſing a great and elevated Soul. And this alſo may be ſomething the Caſe in *Muſic*; it being inconſiſtent with a ſedate Mind to run thro'

hro' all the quick Notes and ſhort Turns of a *Jigg*. Tho' after all, I believe the *Pathetic* in *Muſic* is frequently taken for the *Sublime*; and not only here, but even in other Caſes. Nor, indeed, is it always ſo eaſy to ſeparate our Senſations: The *Grand* may be ſo blended with the *Pathetic* and *Warm*, *(viz.* in the *Deſcription* of a *Battle)* as difficultly to be divided, and conſequently the complex Senſation ariſing from thence as difficultly reſolved. Hence not only comes a Confuſion of *Terms*, but even of *Ideas*. With a great *Storm*, when the ſwelling Waves riſe in Mountains to the Skies, and the black Clouds thicken from all Quarters of the Heavens, there is always joined the Apprehenſion of *Danger*, which puts the Paſſions into a Hurry: Here the *complex* Senſation is generally eſteemed the *ſublime*; but from what I have already ſaid it will appear, that the *Vaſtneſs* only of the Objects produces it, by no means the *Agitaion* of the Paſſions, which, if nicely conſider'd, has rather *Fear* than the *Sublime* for its Cauſe. After this manner the Sublime may be connected with any one Paſſion, and from ſuch *Connections* different *Kinds* of Sublime will ariſe; I mean in a lax way of ſpeaking; and indeed,

deed, from the different Ways of blending it in Objects, our Pleaſure may be greatly encreaſed. Thus, the fine *Blue* of the *Heavens* makes the *Sublime* itſelf yield a greater *Delight*, and for the Reaſon I before hinted.

Had I Time, I would conſider ſomething of the *Sublime* in *Sciences*. But I ſhall only obſerve, that in *Mathematics* it is the *univerſal Theorems*, and the vaſt *Similarity* in the *Properties* of *Infinite Curves*. And in ſtudying the Sciences, it is the *Mark* of a truly *great Mind* not to dwell on the *Minutiæ* of Things, but rather to conſider their *univerſal Relations*: Studies which ſeem dry, become exalted and agreeable, by ſuch a Management.

I ſhall end with this one Remark, That the *Eyes* and *Ears* are the only *Inlets* to the Sublime. *Taſte*, *Smell*, nor *Touch* convey nothing that is Great and Exalted; and this may be ſome farther Confirmation that large Objects only conſtitute the *Sublime*.

THE END.

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